Hattige:

OR THE

AMOURS

OF THE

KING

OF

TAMARAN.

A

Novel.

AMSTERDAM, Printed for *Simon* the *African*, at the *Black-Prince* in the *Sun*. 1680.

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OR THE

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A

NOVEL.

THE PREFACE OF THE TRANSLATOR.

I Read in French this following Book over, in my Passage from

from *England* into *Holland*, and finding it to pleaſe me very well, I reſolved to make an Eſſay, to put it into Engliſh.

And in order to that I found I had a great deal of leiſure time to do it, for not being able to ſpeak *Dutch*, and being not very deſirous to learn it, I ſat often alone in my Chamber,

Chamber, and in a few days finiſhed this little Novel.

Which how well I have done it, let the Reader judg. But let me put him in mind, that it is the firſt Eſſay in this kind, or any other, that I have offered at.

I will ſay ſomthing as to the Original, that I think it is as full of In-

trigues, and thoſe managed as well, and the whole Deſign carried on, as probably, as it is poſſible for any thing of this Nature to be; and that the Deſign is laid with great Art, and managed with as good a Wit.

If the Reader receive this Book favourably, I do promiſe him, that I will in a little time make

make him amends with ſomething of a more uſeful Subject.

Although I cannot but acknowledg that I think it equal to any of *Scaroons*, or the more famed D. *Miquel de Cervantes*, and hath been eſteemed ſo abroad: for in this ſmall time ſince it came forth, which is not four years ſince the

firſt printing of it here at *Amſterdam*, *I* have ſeen four other Editions, one of *London*, one of *Paris*, and another at *Colen*, and the laſt at *Bruxels*, which is the moſt imperfect Copy of all.

I think *I* have ſaid enough, and deſire the Reader to excuſe me, and pardon all the Errors that are committed

ted in the following Discourse; By, dear Country-men, your humble Servant

B. B.

Amsterdam St. *Brigit's*-Day, 1679.

Hattige

of the Troubles
red in the following
Discourse. By, dear
Country-men, your
humble Servant

B. P.

Amsterdam St.
Virgil's-Day.
1679.

HATTIGE:

OR,

The King of Tameran's AMOURS.

OF all places of the world the Sea is fulleſt of Adventures, but not thoſe of Love; 'tis the Scéne Fortune moſt delights to play her pranks in, but that Element is too boyſterous to agree with the tenderneſs of the Sex: Yet Love derives his Original from the Sea, which gave birth to his Mother; and though Gallantry be a Rari-

ty there, it cannot appear ſtrange where *Venus* was born.

A young Knight of *Malta* (which Character ſpeaks him of Eminent Quality) full of generous emulation for the bravery of his Brethren of the Order, reſolv'd in purſuance of the duty of his profeſſion to follow their ſteps, in ſeeking honour, by making War againſt the Infidels: He came to *Malta* in a Frigat of 30 Guns, excellently fitted, and the beſt Sayler that had of a long time gone out of that Port.

The Knight having performed his Land-ſervices was grown a little acquainted with the Sea; but it was the firſt time he commanded a Veſſel, and very glad he was, at his coming to *Malta*, to find *Gourdan* there, and made him an offer of being his Partner for Honour and Arms. *Gourdan*,

dan, an old *Corſair*, very loth to admit a ſharer in Profit or Honour, and very rarely making uſe of a ſecond in War, did notwithſtanding accept the Propoſal made him by a young man, the moſt hopeful of any that Order ever had. The Agreement was made, and the 15th of *May* they left *Malta*, and went to cruiſe on the Coaſts of *Tunis*, in hopes to meet with three Veſſels which *Gourdan* was informed were bound with Pilgrims for *Mecha*. The wind was favourable, and in three days they were in ſight of *Tunis*: On the fourth *Gourdan*'s Veſſel drawing nearer the Coaſt, diſcovered ſome Sail, and diſcharg'd a Gun to warn in his Partner.

The Sails he diſcovered were thoſe of the three Veſſels they went in ſearch of, which made

up to *Gourdan*, and attacqued him very vigorouſly, and were glad to ſee the Knight come up to ſecond him, making full account of him as a ſecond Prize. But 'tis no ſlight dealing with the Corſaires of *Malta*, whoſe Cuſtom it is to fight to the laſt, and dye before they yield: Thoſe I am ſpeaking of were ſtrangers to fear, the one having long run an uninterrupted courſe of Victory in all his Engagements, and the other ſupplying his want of Experience by incomparable Valour. I will not enlarge in particulars: The Fight was ſharp and bloody, the *Turks* having four times as many men as the Chriſtians, and three Ships at leaſt as good as the *Malteſes*.

Gourdan had kept aloof from the Enemy about a Musket-ſhot, till the Knight came up, who no

no ſooner joyn'd him, but *Gourdan* would let him ſee at what rate he had purchas'd his Honour in the *Levant*. He fell in furiouſly among the *Turks*, and ply'd them ſo terribly with ſhot and Granadoes from both ſides his Ship, that you would have thought him on Fire. The Knight, though he needed no Preſident to teach him his duty, yet glad to have a man, famous as *Gourdan*, witneſs of his Actions, ſeconded him ſo bravely, that the *Turks*, who till then made no doubt of the Victory, began to fear the ſucceſs. They cool'd in their Attaques, and fell off to more diſtance, not daring to grapple with the *Chriſtians*. The Knight had no ſooner obſerved it, but, to make uſe of his advantage, which had viſibly rais'd the Courage of his Souldiers, he

commanded them presently to Board the Ship that lay next him, being the stoutest of the three; he was readily obeyed, and as readily rushed a-Board the Enemy; a Company of Volunteers immediately followed him, with some stout Souldiers, who, animated with his Example, did every one the Actions of Heroes. 'Twas wonderful to see (though nothing more true) all the Decks covered with the Bodies of those *Barbarians*, slain at the first Assault by a handful of men: The Knight of *Malta* appear'd more than man, he seem'd to be in ten or twelve several places at once; so ready was he, and nimble, to help where need. But I forget my self, to engage thus in describing the Fight, which is not my design, having a thousand other

other things to ſay, not of greater importance (this Engagement being poſſibly the moſt terrible and glorious happen'd on thoſe Coaſts) but more ordinary and gallant, which my intention at preſent is to entertain the Reader withal.

I ſhall add only, that after ſix or ſeven hours fight, wherein you may believe there wanted not occaſion for theſe excellent Captains to ſignalize themſelves, the Veſſels having all boarded one another, the *Chriſtians* ſunk one of the Enemies, and put up the Standard of *Malta* in the main tops of the other two. *Gourdan*, who at that day thought no man his equal at Sea, began to apprehend, from the Actions he had newly ſeen, the Reputation of the young Knight might one day exceed his, and rob him

of the glory of Soveraign of those Seas: He had observed him more than once enter the Enemies Ships, and bear down all before him that offered to resist, and hewing his way to Victory through Wounds, Blood and Death; and that the honour of the Victory was almost wholly due to him: In a word, You are not to expect so much Justice in the Old *Corsaire*, as not to believe him jealous of the growing Reputation of his young Partner, and therefore less glad of the Victory, than otherwise he would have been.

The Knight had been wounded (though not mortally, yet) so dangerously that he was oblig'd for some days to keep his Bed; the news was no sooner brought *Gourdan*, but he went to see him, and expresst the best he could how much he was troubled at it; he ended

ed the Complement with all the Commendations and Praiſes, a Man jealous as he was of the young Knight, was capable to give. But the young Hero, no leſs modeſt than brave, put him off handſomly, attributing to *Gourdan* the whole advantage of the Fight; only he did juſtice to ſome of his Ship, who had ſignalized themſelves moſt, without ſaying a word of what he had done: They reſolv'd to return to *Malta* to refit their Veſſels, and to ſell the Prizes: Reſolutions at Sea depend much on the pleaſure of the Winds; and they found themſelves becalm'd on the morrow, which for three Weeks ſtopp'd their deſign, and render'd that a very tedious Voyage, which a Week before they had perform'd in three days.

The Knight was ſoon well of his Wound, and finding himſelf able enough to walk about in the Calme, he had a mind to take a view of the Prizes with *Gourdan*, who that day had given him a viſit: He found them both conſiderable for the number of *Turks* and *Moors* of both Sexes, which in a *Chriſtian* Country would be a current Commodity. When they return'd a-board their own Ships, *Gourdan*'s Lieutenant, being a Friend of the Knights, and not well ſatisfyed with his Captain, took an occaſion, as they were ſpeaking of the prizes, to tell the Knight privately he had not ſeen the moſt conſiderable Prize, being a *Turkiſh* Lady, of Eminent Quality, and one of the handſomeſt Women that had ever been ſeen. The Knight was ſurpriz'd *Gourdan* had

had ſaid nothing of her, but looked on it as a Trick of an old *Corſair*; yet he could not but be diſpleaſed with the proceeding as unjuſt and uncivil; but the Lieutenant told him, he was not to wonder at it from a man who never knew what it was to be civil or juſt to the beſt of his Friends: He went on and told him how *Gourdan* had ſhifted the Lady into his Veſſel by Night, and plac'd her under the Guard of a *Mooriſh Eunuch* who had ſerv'd her long, and that *Gourdan* was ſo much in love with her, and ſo jealous, he would not permit any one to ſee her; that the Eunuch had told him the Lady had ſo great an Averſion for *Gourdan*, not only for his uglineſs, but for his ill uſage of her, that ſhe was reſolv'd to dye rather than comply with his deſires. The Knight

was

was of too noble and generous a nature not to pity the poor Slave, eſpecially being handſom, and no ordinary perſon; he preſently laid deſigns in her favour, and told the Lieutenant he would go ſee his Captain on the morrow, and reproach him with having conceal'd that Treaſure, in hopes to prevail with him, at leaſt to uſe the Lady better, and ſend her back into the Veſſel ſhe was taken in: The Lieutenant, better acquainted with *Gourdan*'s humour, told him, it was more than he was to expect from one ſo deeply in love, and ſo brutiſh as *Gourdan*. However the Knight went to ſee him on the morrow: *Gourdan* receiv'd, careſs'd, and entertain'd him with a great deal of kindneſs, but not a word of the Slave: the Knight had of purpoſe given him occaſion to diſ-

diſcourſe of her, but *Gourdan* made him no ſatisfactory Anſwer: At length the Knight, having loſt all patience, ask'd him, as in raillery, if he knew what was become of a handſome *Turkiſh* Woman, which he was told had been taken in the bigger Prize; and told him he was much ſurpriz'd he had not ſeen her when they took a view of what was found in the *Turkiſh* Ships, and that he had ſaid nothing of her. The Amorous *Corſair* took this for an Affront, and told him roundly he knew not what Woman he meant, that they had ſeen Women enough in the Prizes; that true it was he had one in his Ship who was no handſomer than the reſt; but, if that troubled him, there were enough left, and he might go pick out one from amongſt them

that

that ſhould pleaſe him beſt. The Knight little ſatisfyed with the Anſwer, reply'd very ſeriouſly, that he held the Conditions of their Partnerſhip ſo ſacred, that till they came to a dividend, he thought neither had right, without the privity and conſent of the other, to appropriate to himſelf any thing found in the Prizes: *Gourdan* was a man of ſo ſhallow Diſcourſe he had not a word to ſay for himſelf, but, without any reply, roſe up and went to walk on the Deck, leaving the Knight in his Cabbin; who, muſtering up the forces of his good nature and gentleneſs, to ſtifle the reſentment the croſs uſage of this ſavage man had raiſed within him, reſolv'd to win him to reaſon by Civility; he followed him, and embracing him with a kindneſs would have gain'd the

heart

heart of a Beaſt of the Field, *I have no deſign*, ſays he, *to conteſt with you for the fair Slave you have poſſeſt your ſelf off; 'tis a ſort of commodity I have no mind to deal in, but pray do not refuſe me the ſight of her:* *Gourdan* was quite deaf of that Ear, 'twas a tickliſh Requeſt, and he did not intend to expoſe her to the view of a young man ſo handſome as his Partner; he lov'd her too well to hazard her on ſuch an Adventure; and walking on ſtill without anſwering a word, he made it ſufficiently appear to the Knight he muſt hunt for other Game, as for this *Gourdan* reſerv'd it for himſelf; the Knight knew not whether he ſhould be angry or laugh at the proceeding, yet looking on *Gourdan* with more pity than anger, *Few men in my Circumſtances*, ſays he, *would be*

ſatis-

ſatisfyed with this uſage; but you muſt be comply'd with, make much of your Slave; the time may come you will be a-weary of her, and then I may be allow'd the liberty of ſeeing her: Having ſaid this, he left *Gourdan*, and retir'd to his Ship.

A few days after, he ſent *Gourdan* word he had taken his Counſel, and was going among the Prizes in ſearch of a Woman to his mind, that might bear him Company; though in truth it was to find out one who could give him an account who ſhe was the old *Corſair* had got a-board; and very luckily he met with one who had ſerv'd her long, and took her a-board his Veſſel, where he treated her with more Civility and Kindneſs than a Woman of her condition knew how to receive; he made her ſit with

with him at Table, and us'd her ſo obligingly as confounded the poor Slave: She was neither young nor handſome, and could impute the favour to nothing but the pure generoſity of the Knight, whoſe good meen was ſufficient aſſurance of the ſincerity of his actions: Her Miſtreſs became inſenſibly the ſubject of their diſcourſe, and the Maid wanted not wit to ſatisfie his curioſity: She told him her Miſtreſs was a Lady the King of *Tamaran* had been paſſionately in love with, and out of Remorſe of conſcience ſhe was going a Pilgrim for *Mecha*: The Knight, who knew perſons of that Quality did not without great reaſon perform acts of ſo extraordinary devotion, asked her merrily, whether ſhe knew the cauſe her Miſtreſs became ſo extremely Pious; and ſeeing her diſpos'd

diſpos'd to conceal nothing from him, he pray'd her to tell him the whole ſtory, not doubting but the account of the devotion of a woman of that Character muſt needs contain more then ordinary adventures: *Razy* (the Slave he convers'd with) was by this time ſo taken with the Knight ſhe would not have deny'd him a far greater matter, and without further intreaty ſpoke to this purpoſe.

Tamaran is a Kingdom where Love at this day reigns more abſolute, than ever he did at *Cyprus* or *Granada*: Gallantry is become ſo much in uſe there, 'tis almoſt as natural to be a Gallant, as to live, they are wholly given up to Love, and the young people, incourag'd by their Fathers Examples, get themſelves Miſtreſſes before they get rid of the Rod of their School-Maſter. In a word from the

the age of fifteen to ſixty, from the King to the Plowman, every one enjoys his natural liberty: whether it proceed from the nature of the Clymat, or temper of the people, I cannot reſolve you; I rather think Subjects are ſuch as their Kings make them. And the King of *Tamaran* being one of the moſt gallant Princes the World ever had, 'tis no wonder there is nothing ſo much talk'd of in his Kingdom as Gallantry. But to come to my Story; that King, when he came to his Crown, fell in love with *Hattige* my Miſtreſs, who is certainly one of the moſt beautiful Women eye ever ſaw. She is the daughter of a Janizary, and was married to a perſon of quality, who had a competent Eſtate, ſufficient to make her happy, had not her ambition preferr'd the Title of Miſtreſs

ſtreſs to a King, before private Felicities: To ſhorten the diſcourſe, the good man found himſelf oblig'd to endeavour to content himſelf with the honour the King did him in giving him a Title, and an Imployment abroad, which he ſcarce took for a Favour, and would have been better pleas'd his Majeſty had beſtowed it on another.

My Miſtreſs, proud and handſome as ſhe is, wanted not the addreſs to put a value on her ſelf, and ſell his Majeſty a Conqueſt of that importance, at a rate ſuitable to her height of ſpirit and beauty: True it is, ſhe hath not been admir'd for her wit, but that defect is ſupply'd by the obligeingneſs of her carriage, and womens Little Arts, which ſhe makes uſe of ſo much to the purpoſe of gaining the Monarchs heart,

heart, that never Prince was ſo deeply in love as he: he hath that complaiſance and care to pleaſe her, as never man had for any woman. And ſhe hath not loſt the advantage of it, but is by degrees become abſolute Miſtreſs of his Soul, and hath reaped the benefit of her conqueſt in all particulars, a woman that knows the world, and is ſtudious of her intereſt, can propoſe to her ſelf. The government of the Kingdom was in a manner in her hands: every one made his court to her, and whoever expected favours or rewards, muſt apply himſelf to *Hattige*, by whom all was granted, as the pipe that convey'd the Royal bounty to the Subject: Paſt ages have furniſh'd us with Examples of this nature, and poſterity may ſee the like, but not equal to this; for it may be ſaid,

without

without ſtretching too much, the King of *Tamaran* took his Crown from his head to put it on *Hattige*'s; the firſt day he ſaw her he fell deſperately in love with her: the great riſe of my Miſtreſs & her power at Court, raiſed her many enemies: yet her pride and height of ſpirit procured her more hatred than her favour did jealouſie: But the moſt conſiderable and moſt dangerous enemy ſhe had, was *Oſman*, chief *Aga* and favorite to the King.

A Favorite & a Miſtreſs are ſeldom ſeen to agree, either of them endeavoring to engroſs their Maſters affection, is conſequently engag'd for the ruin of the Rival: yet perſons of that character for the moſt part go cunningly to work, but thoſe I ſpeak of declar'd open War one againſt the other, being both great ſpirits, & willing to let

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the world ſee the advantage they had one over the other: the King very prudent, and of a very peaceable humour, ſided with neither, but having a kindneſs for both, and knowing they hated one another, he gave neither of them credit in any thing ſaid to the diſadvantage of the other: *Oſman*, after many vain attacks, reſolv'd at laſt to try what jealouſie might work on his Maſter, and hoped his paſſion, like that of other Lovers, might ſplit on that Rock: He apply'd himſelf diligently to obſerve the Conduct of the Lady, and find out ſome conſiderable and well grounded cauſe of ſuſpition, being throughly convinc'd his Maſter was ſo taken with the Charms of the Lady, it would be no eaſie matter to diſabuſe him, and that ſhe had cunning enough to clear and work her ſelf again

into

into favour, unleſs the crime were great, and plainly proved.

My Miſtreſs look'd not like an enemy to nature, & her illuſtrious Lover being (as uſual) leſs amorous in his viſits than he had been at firſt, it was not improbable her conſtitution might force her to make uſe of a Gallant to her mind, to ſatisfie her inclinations: at leaſt the *Aga* thought ſo, and you will find he was not deceiv'd.

The Title of Miſtreſs, and Chief Miſtreſs to the King (beſides the power it gives perſons of that Character) hath introduc'd much liberty into the *Serrail*. *Hattige* who never ſtinted her ſelf in any priviledge ſhe had, was in a manner Soveraign there, not a perſon daring to contradict her in any thing: The *Aga* was no leſs conſiderable, and ſomewhat more formidable,

formidable, and having Money at command (which is omnipotent at Court) he quickly by that means had his Spies in every Corner, who promis'd him a faithful account of my Miſtreſſes Actions.

As glorious as it is for an ambitious Woman to ſee at her Feet every day a perſon who commands all others, yet Monarchs are deceived if they think their Miſtreſſes are always true. No Paſſion, but that of extraordinary love, can fix a Womans heart; Ambition alone is too weak a gage for their Fidelity; it frequently happens, Princes owe their Amorous Conqueſts more to their quality than merit; and accordingly they extend only to what is external and groſs, when Love and Inclination, fruſtrated of their expectations from them,

and not ſatisfyed with pomp and with ſhew, goes in ſearch of ſatisfaction elſewhere. *Hattige* lov'd the King, as moſt Miſtreſſes of that kind uſe to do, that is, as far as the power of a Monarch could make her love a man, who raiſed her above all other Women; ſhe reign'd in all outward ſplendor imaginable, but amidſt all her Glories ſhe was troubled ſhe found not a man ſhe could love for his own ſake. A Woman ſubject to ſuch reflections as theſe, is hardly kept within the bounds of her duty; my Miſtreſs found it too hard a task not to tranſgreſs a little, and being in ſearch of one worthy her condeſcenſion, ſhe caſt her eyes upon *Rajep*, the Maſter Gardiners Nephew.

Rajep was a handſome Gentleman, young and vigorous, and had

had pleas'd other Women, and was reputed to make his Fortune that way; ſhe had twice or thrice ſeen him, as ſhe look'd upon the ſports as are uſually ſhewn for the divertiſement of the Ladies of the *Serrallio*, where men fight with Beaſts for the pleaſure of the Women; *Rajep* was excellent at the ſport, and always came off with Applauſe and Admiration. Every blow he gave carryed death with it, and made all the Company ſhout for joy, which reach'd my Miſtreſſes heart. 'Tis not unuſual to findwomen affected with a mans merit, upon occaſions of that nature; ſhe was deeply ſenſible of the Applauſe and Honour beſtowed by the Company on *Rajep*: When ſhe came from theſe Shews ſhe could not forbear being melancholly and penſive, even in the

King's preſence; She could neither eat, nor Sleep. This troubled extremely the amorous Prince, who was ſo inquiſitive after the leaſt concerns of the health and pleaſures of his Miſtreſs, that he was more in pain than ſhe, to ſee her languiſh as ſhe did: He could not imagine what ſhe ailed, and was ſo much concern'd at it, he could not reſt for thinking of it: The Lady was more and more Love-ſick, and by degrees her paſſion grew ſo upon her it altered her quite, The good King redoubled his Careſſes no leſs than his Care and Liberality; and if it had been poſſible, would have doubled his Love: He prayed her every moment, if ſhe lov'd him, to tell him the cauſe of her trouble, and proteſted he would not ſtick, for her ſatisfaction, to ſacrifice his

Life:

Life: So great, ſo true, and ſo tender a paſſion, might have turn'd that falſe heart of hers, had ſhe been capable of any love for him. But *Rajep* was her man, the moſt charming in her Eye, and the moſt accompliſhed on Earth: The King's bounties, ſhe thought, were but her due, or at leaſt ſufficiently requited in the ſuperficial acknowledgments ſhe made him; and that if ſhe lov'd him not heartily, 'twas not her fault, but his who knew not how to gain her Affection.

Such, Sir, is the fortune of Monarchs in love, when they are with their Miſtreſſes they commonly lay aſide that Majeſty which dazles the Eyes, and affects the Hearts of Mankind; they go undreſſed into their Chambers, and make themſelves ſo familiar with their Miſtreſſes,

they afterwards uſe them as ordinary men: The amorous *Hattige*, wholly poſſeſt with her paſſion for *Rajep*, languiſhed under it, not knowing what remedy to uſe: *Zara*, a *Greek* Slave, and her chief Confident, had a longing deſire to know what the matter was; ſhe heard her ſigh every moment, and, like a Woman of Age and Experience as ſhe was, ſhe thought, if it was not for Love, there was no great danger; ſhe was not over haſty to know the Secret, but conform'd her ſelf ſo much to her Miſtreſſes way of living, that ſhe neither eat, nor ſlept, but wept, and ſigh'd, and walk'd, juſt as her Miſtreſs. At laſt, my Miſtreſs having often obſerved it, ask'd her what ſhe ailed to afflict her ſelf ſo: *Alas, if you knew, Madam*, anſwers the good *Matron*, ſighing, *if you knew*,

knew, ſays ſhe again, with a ſorrowful Tone, *what danger you run into by living as you do——— But what ſhould I tell you of it, who have ſo little confidence in me. You have no cauſe to complain of that*, anſwers *Hattige* ſmiling, *for you know no perſon alive knows more of my Secrets than you. Yes, Madam*, replyes *Zara*, *till now, becauſe poſſibly you never were engag'd in any thing might deſerve the name of a Secret; but now that the time is come to try my fidelity, to make uſe of my Advice and Addreſſes, you are content to afflict your ſelf, as if you had not* Zara *with you*, Zara, *who loves you, (if I may be allowed to ſay ſo) more than her life, which ſhe would very willingly ſacrifice for you: for what is the matter, Madam, what would you have? wherein may I ſerve you? why do you not make*

uſe of me? —— *Thou ſpeakeſt,* ſays the Lady, *as if thou readeſt what is in my heart. And who is it, but can gueſs,* replyes *Zara, what you ail? the only wonder to me is the King hath not taken notice of it, and I tremble when I hear you ſigh before him: for, when all's done, what is it you want for compleat ſatisfaction? if it be not that he loves you too much, and you love not him: there is not that thing you can deſire in the world but you have it already. I tell you truly, Madam, I am afraid your Melancholly will at length make him ſuſpect ſomething, and what he will think of it I know not. Thou ſayeſt well, poor* Zara, replyes *Hattige,* ſeemingly affected with the kindneſs of the good Slave, *and could I believe thee faithful enough to acquaint thee with all that is in my heart, I doubt*

not

not but thy Advice might be to my advantage. If you doubt my Fidelity, ſays *Zara, you need only ſay nothing to me, for ſo you will oblige me, in ſpight of my heart, to keep your Counſel: yet I would have you know, that for forty years I have ſpent in the* Serrail, *I have been always look'd upon as an Example of Diſcretion: There hath not been here in all that time a gallant Woman but I have ſerv'd, and were we at leiſure, could give you a very pleaſant account of them. In a word, Madam, I know who I am, and I know what you want. Make uſe of me once more, and as ſoon as you pleaſe: Perhaps you may not find me always in humour to pleaſure you, but it pities me at preſent to ſee you languiſh.* My Miſtreſs, who had before a good Opinion of *Zara*, and clearly ſaw how neceſſary ſhe was for

her, resolv'd immediately to discover all to her, though to save her modesty she turn'd the story thus.

Thou knowest, says she, *I had a Brother who loved me, and I from a Child lov'd him with the tenderest Affection: My Father, to prevent misadventures he apprehended from the violent Inclinations we had one for another, parted us, sending him to* Candy, *whence he never return'd. Never were more Tears shed than by me on that cruel occasion; and to this day I have not wore out the sorrow for the loss of him: But it is not that I have to say to you, dear* Zara, *you know it already; what I am to acquaint thee with, is, I have seen a man so like my dear Brother, in Meen, in Features, in Stature, in Actions, in a word, so every way like him, I verily thought him the same;*

ſame; and I had without doubt taken him for my Brother, had I not been told he was the Maſter-Gardiner's Nephew. Who, Rajep! ſays *Zara: Yes,* Rajep, *the very ſame,* anſwers *Hattige; as high as Fortune raiſes us, ſee how cruelly ſhe uſes us ſometimes; for, you may believe, I could not ſee this man but my Heart bled afreſh with grief for my Brother; but the worſt of all this, which I am almoſt aſham'd to tell thee, I have, by a ſtrange Sympathy, the ſame inclination for him I had for my Brother, and the ſight of this man hath not only forc'd Tears from my Eyes, but ſighs from my heart: What wouldeſt thou have me ſay more, I find my ſelf ſo unhappy, that 'tis my ill fortune not to love any, but whom I cannot or ought not to love.*

Hattige

Hattige with that dropp'd ſome Tears, which the officious *Zara* endeavour'd to ſtop. *No, no,* adds *Hattige, there is no Remedy for me but death. The Age of dying for Love is long ſince paſt,* ſays *Zara, trouble not your ſelf with the thoughts of a Vertue which is a Stranger to our times. What wouldeſt thou have me do then,* ſays *Hattige. You ſhall know,* anſwers *Zara, when you have told me what 'tis you deſire.* And ſeeing *Hattige* in a ſtudy what to ſay, to give *Zara* time to gueſs what ſhe wiſht for; *would you ſee* Rajep, ſays *Zara, would you have me bring him to your Apartment* —— *Ah my dear* Zara, cryes the amorous Lady, embracing her tenderly, *how pleaſantly thou flattereſt my moſt paſſionate deſires; could'ſt thou do that for me, thou wouldeſt Eternally oblige me; but I am heartily*

tily afraid for thee, and would rather dye than any harm ſhould happen to thee on my account. Take no care for that, ſays *Zara, this is not ſo great a matter for me to effect. I have already taken my meaſures how to bring it about; do but write a Billet to* Rajep *to advertiſe him of his good Fortune, and let me alone with the reſt.* My Miſtreſs, to encourage her the more to ſerve her faithfully, preſented her with a Gold Chain, and aſſur'd her it was but the Earneſt of what ſhe would do for her. Pen, Ink, and Paper being brought, *Hattige* writ this Billet to *Rajep.*

LOve, as well as Fortune, ſometimes beſtows favours where leaſt expected: A Lady deſires to ſee you; the acceſs will be ſomewhat difficult, but you will not repent

pent the pains you ſhall take; uſually the dearer we purchaſe any thing the better we eſteem it: Prepare your ſelf to receive the good Fortune is offer'd you, and to purchaſe it with the peril of your Life: Your Courage is known, and if you find Fortune as favourable as Love you cannot be unhappy.

Zara took the Billet, and went to give it an *Eunuch* ſhe confided in moſt; ſhe had ſeveral ſhe employed on ſuch Errands, whoſe Faithfulneſs ſhe bought with good ready money; ſhe carefully inſtructed him ſhe ſent on this meſſage, and conjur'd him to Secreſie: but what truſt is there to be repoſed in thoſe who are alwayes for him that gives moſt? *Zara*'s pay was not comparable to the Aga's; and that *Eunuch* being one of his Spyes, you may be-

believe he carryed him the Billet in confidence of a good reward: *Osman* receiv'd it as the best Present could be made him; and impatient to see what it contain'd, he retir'd into his Closet, open'd it, knew the hand, read it over and over with that extremity of revenge, that attends the desire of pleasure when in a hopeful way of being Master of the Life or Reputation of an Enemy.

He paus'd a while e're he came to a resolution what to do with the Billet; to Copy it out would signifie nothing, nothing being more easie than to deny what we have not written; to keep it were to put a stop to a business, which, (to appear of considerable consequence) must be carryed on further: Having thought well of it, he was of Opinion it would be best keep the Origi-

Original, and ſend *Rajep* a Copy, which he cauſed a Woman to make of it, and ſent it to *Rajep*, who knowing neither the Character, nor the perſon that writ it, would be eaſily taken in the ſnare: The Meſſenger very faithfully deliver'd *Rajep* the Billet; the Gallant, who lov'd no ſport better, was ſo proud of the honour he receiv'd by it, that he would willingly have gone preſently to ſee what they would have with him: But his time was not yet come; he knew not the Lady who had ſo much kindneſs for his perſon: He thought of ſeveral, but this *Eunuch* belonging to the *Serrailio*, the Billet in all probability came from thence, where *Rajep* was altogether unacquainted: He could not imagine *Hattige* ſhould be the perſon; ſhe who was the proudeſt, as well as handſomeſt,

ſomeſt, Lady of the Kingdom, and the King's Principal Favourite; he would have ask'd the *Eunuch*, but feared he might ſpoyl all by being too curious: This made him content himſelf with asking a few Queſtions for ſome further light, but finding, by the Anſwers, all he was to hope for at that time was the Billet, he diſmiſt him with this Anſwer.

'THere is nothing too hard 'for me when concern'd in 'the Service of Ladies: 'Tis the 'duty of a civil perſon to endea-'vour to oblige them: I take 'ſuch delight in it, I alwayes 'think my Life well expos'd in 'their Service: You may gueſs, 'Madam, how ready I am on ſuch 'an occaſion as this; let me but 'know the way I am to take, no 'Obſtacle ſhall ſtop me: I dye

'with

'with impatience to engage in 'the Affair, and if Fortune be 'not wanting to her duty, I ſhall 'quickly be where Love would 'have me.

The *Eunuch* was liberally paid by *Rajep* that moment for betraying him; he gave him a fair Diamond, and the honeſt Agent, in acknowledgment of the favour, went directly with the Billet to the Aga, who, raviſhed at the good ſucceſs, caus'd a Copy to be made of this as of the former Billet, and ſent it to *Hattige*.

The paſſionate Lady at the return of the *Eunuch*, having read *Rajep*'s Anſwer, was ſo overjoy'd, the whole *Serrallio* rung of the news; ſhe embraced her dear *Zara* a thouſand times over, ſhe careſs'd the very *Eunuch*, who (you ſee) deſerv'd it well at her hands;

hands; ſhe rewarded both liberally, and promis'd them ſo largely, the performance would have ruin'd her: The fair Lady was ſo impatient ſhe writ a new Billet on the morrow, and the *Eunuch*, who had ſerv'd her ſo faithfully with the firſt, was truſted with the ſecond: He carry'd it (as he had cauſe) to the Aga, who opened it with as much joy as the former, and found in it theſe words.

A Sight of you is enough to convince one you are a very gallant man, and that one cannot hazard too much to engage with you: Make good uſe of the Sentiments you raiſe in thoſe that ſee you; do as the Moor *ſhall tell you, and you will quickly have reaſon to thank Love for his favours.*

Oſman

Oſman having read the Billet, ask'd the *Eunuch* the particulars of his new Embaſſy, who told him, He carryed *Rajep* the Aſſignation of a Rendezvous at night, with the hour and the manner he was to be introduc'd: The Aga more joyful of the news than can be expreſt, caus'd a Copy to be made of this Billet by the hand that had copied the other, and diſmiſs'd the *Eunuch* to purſue his Commiſſion: *Rajep*, who did not expect ſo great a progreſs in ſo ſhort a time, thought himſelf highly obliged to the fair Lady unknown, who ſav'd him the Troubles and Inquietudes of longer delayes. His Anſwer was this.

'WHatever you think of 'me, Madam, I have 'not vanity enough to fancy I 'can

'can merit the favour you do me. 'I acknowledge I owe it entirely 'to your Goodneſs, and if I 'have any thing worthy of it, 'it is the extreme paſſion I have 'had for you, now a whole day; 'a paſſion ſo violent, had you 'delay'd any longer my happi-'neſs of ſeeing you, it would 'have certainly been the death 'of me. I will do as directed; 'and if I fail of my Deſign, it 'ſhall not be for want of Love, 'it will be entirely Fortune's 'fault, which will undoubted-'ly be for me, if ſhe favour 'thoſe who are deepeſt in Love, 'as ſhe does thoſe who are boldeſt 'in Action.

The *Aga* was glad of this Billet alſo, and had it copied, and ordered the Eunuch to bring him word as ſoon as *Rajep* entred the

Ser-

Serrallio, which he punctually did about one a clock in the morning. It was a little too late to carry the News to the King, but it was an occaſion too good to be loſt: He went his ways and found the King juſt going to Bed: The King ſurprized to ſee him come into his Chamber, *what*, ſays he, Oſman *up at this time of the night! Nothing but good fortune ſhould keep a man ſo long awake*; who knows, *ſays the* Aga, but 'tis that brings me hither: *You are come a little too late*, ſays the King, *and I am ſo well pleaſed with my good fortune to day, I will not riſe to go in ſearch of a better: Hear me*, adds the King, (obſerving *Oſman* very deſirous to interrupt him) *I will tell you part of the pleaſure I have had this evening, and ſhall not reliſh it ſo well unleſs I acquaint you with*

with it; You muſt know that Hattige, *whom, (in ſpight of the hatred you have for her) you will acknowledge one of the handſomeſt women you have ever ſeen, was fallen of late into ſo ſtrange a melancholly and grief, that nothing could divert her; ſhe did nothing but weep, and her tears troubled me ſo, that at laſt I believe I ſhould have died for grief, ſo great is the love I have for her: this day more charming (to me at leaſt) and more beautiful than ever, (though not without ſome languiſhing in her looks, which ſhewed ſhe was not throughly well at heart) taking pity of the condition her ſadneſs was bringing me to, Sir,* ſays ſhe, *embracing me with extremity of tenderneſs, I ſee well enough what you ſuffer for my ſake; were my life only concern'd, I would dye a thouſand times rather then tell you the*

cauſe

cauſe of my melancholly; but the care I have of your health, far dearer than mine, and the concern I am under, to ſee you ſo altered in few days, will not permit me any longer to conceal from you the cauſe of my ſadneſs: I muſt tell you then, though I were ſure to loſe your affection by it, my grief proceeds only from a dream I had lately, which made ſuch impreſſion on my ſpirit, I cannot to this moment get it out of my thoughts. At that, ſhe ſtop'd, not able to proceed for weeping and ſobbing, which ſhe could not forbear, and I had much ado to perſwade her at length to put an end to; and preſſing her more earneſtly to go on, and tell me her dream; Alas! continued ſhe ſighing, *may it not be a fatal prediction out of my own mouth againſt my ſelf! I dreamt,* Sir, *I ſaw you in* Roukia's *arms, the Maſter Gardiners Wife, and*

was

was not able with tears or reproaches to force you thence. Can you be ſo falſe, and will you not endeavour at leaſt to divert the blow Heaven threatens me with? Ah, Sir, *rather let me die than ever ſee this come to paſs. Here her grief ſeiz'd her more violently then ever, and ſhe fell half dead into my Arms. You may believe, dear* Oſman, *I ſaid many things to her to bring her again, and perſwade her out of the thoughts of the Dream, which you know ſignifies nothing. I have often heard talk of* Rouchia, *but as beautiful as they report her to be, I never had the curioſity to ſee her. I was ſo ſatisfied with the lovely* Hattige, *for whom I have reſolv'd to keep my ſelf intirely, and ſtick to her alone: To end my Story, you muſt know, I prevail'd with her ſo far, with oaths and kind words, that I diſ-*

abus'd at laſt, and left her perfectly cur'd of thoſe ſuſpitions of falſneſs ſhe had entertain'd againſt me: She recover'd her former gayety of humor, and was kinder than ever, having expreſt to me all the tenderneſs and ſtrength of an extraordinary paſſion: I ſtay'd with her longer than ordinary, and am more in love with her than ever: I am but newly come from her, and to tell you the truth, had ſcarce the power to leave her. Pray ſtay a *little longer,* ſays ſhe ſtill, *as I was going. And ſtill one moments ſtay procur'd another, full of love and of kindneſs, which ſeem'd to increaſe ſtill as ſhe ſtaid me: I could entertain you all night with the pleaſure I had in the Cloſet of that charming Woman, and yet not tell you all, which, you know, is not diſcretion in a Lover to do to his Confident though never ſo faithful.*

But

But what think you of her tenderneſs for me? Was ever Woman in love ſo allarm'd at a Dream? And muſt I not love her more than ever, for having endur'd what ſhe did without daring to acquaint me with it? 'Tis true, ſays the *Aga* very ſeriouſly, what you have ſaid is ſurprizing, but not to that degree you imagin'd. Give me leave to acquaint you only, that a man for whom I have the higheſt reſpect and veneration, being paſſionately in love, as you are, with a Woman, one day in confidence gave me an account how pleaſantly he had ſpent ſome moments in her company; and that ſhe had given him a taſte of all that the moſt tender and paſſionate love hath of ſweet and of charm, and that he thought himſelf the happieſt Lover on Earth. You would think your ſelf much

abus'd, ſaid I, if all thoſe tranſports of Love and of tenderneſs you have been ſo taken with, were but a Doſe of Poyſon to caſt you into a ſleep, and that the Lady you ſpeak of is at this moment in the Arms of another: There was nothing ſo true, Sir, adds the *Aga*, as what I told him, that man if he had pleas'd might have been an eye-witneſs of it. I could have let him have ſeen his Miſtreſs in Bed with another man, ſo far beneath him as a Subject is beneath a Prince. *Oſman, Oſman*, ſays the King, *you ſhall not make me jealous: I believe*, continues he looking earneſtly on the *Aga*, *ſuch a thing might happen: Women are now a-days ſo treacherous, there is no truſting their Careſſes. But I am very well ſatisfied I cannot be concern'd in ſo infamous an Example. I know* Hattige,

tige, *and know her too well to believe she ever had kindneſs for any but me* : However, replies the *Aga*, 'tis of you I am ſpeaking all this while, and ſince I muſt be plain with you, & that the honour of my King is concern'd in it, you are the Perſon ſo baſely diſhonour'd ; 'tis that charming *Hattige* whom you love and adore ſo, 'tis ſhe betrays you this moment, in the manner I have told you : The King aſtoniſht with the ſudden ſtroke of ſuch terrible News was ſpeechleſs a while, but preſently after, looking angerly on the *Aga*, *As long as your invectives, Oſman*, ſays he, *extended only to the pride and exceſſive expences of* Hattige, *I had the patience to bear with them, as having ſome ground of truth, but her Reputation being in queſtion, wherein mine is ſo deeply concern'd,*

I ſhall think very ill of you, if you accuſe her without good proof to convict her: 'Tis now almoſt three years ſince I ſaw Hattige, *and have reaſon to know her better than any: Had there been another in the Kingdom greater than my ſelf, or were any one my equal in it, I might peradventure have ſome apprehenſion ſhe might be guilty of ſuch a Crime: I ſay, peradventure, for I doubt very much whether ſhe would in that Caſe be falſe to me. But conſidering her pride and height of ſpirit, you ſhall never make me believe ſhe can abaſe her ſelf to think of any thing below me, unleſs I ſee it with my Eyes: Do not I ſee how ſhe uſes all the World, and that there is not a more ambitious woman living: Certainly ſhe loves me. Yet I am perſwaded ſhe would love me more, were I greater than I am, for nothing but*

but greatneſs can ſatisfie that proud ſoul of hers: I knew very well, anſwers the *Aga*, ſighing for pity: Thus prepoſſeſt, or enchanted rather, as you are, in favour of that Lady, what I ſhould ſay againſt her would make little impreſſion on you: I do not deſire you ſhould believe it, if you have not a mind to it: yet be pleas'd to come and ſee it with your own Eyes. *what you! Can you let me ſee? Cryes the King very angrily, when I am but juſt now come from her?* Well Sir, ſays the *Aga*, what you ſay is true, but it is no leſs true, that if you pleaſe you may find her with another in her Chamber, if you pleaſe to take the pains of going thither. *Ah!* ſays the incredulous Prince, *I can have no more patience: But have you conſider'd*, Oſman, *how highly I ſhall reſent it, if I take the*

pains to get up, and you cannot convict her of the Crime you charge her with? The *Aga* very calmly answers, I am well assur'd of what I say, and have no cause to fear your Resentment, if I have no more to do than let you see what I promis'd. The King got up, and having put on his night Gown, with his Turban, and Sword, he went streight towards the *Serrallio* with *Osman*, holding him by the hand, as if he had fear'd he would have given him the slip: *This is the Scene*, says the King at his entrance, *where, what you have promis'd me, is to be seen, but take heed you bear not a part in the Catastrophe:* The *Aga* told him, 'twas a plain Matter of Fact would be presently discover'd: The King observing him come on so resolutely, and with joy in his face, as a man going

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ing to a Triumph, began (not altogether to believe him, but) to fear there was ſomething in the matter: And it made him the rather apprehend ſome untoward adventure, that he knew *Oſman* a man of good ſenſe and not eaſily miſtaken, and one who without very good grounds would not have engag'd in a buſineſs of that nature: ſo that the King knew not what to think. He would not for his life have given him that advantage over his Miſtreſs; eſpecially after the Story he had juſt then told him. And now all the Kings care was to make the deſign of the diſcovery miſcarry, though ſhe were criminal: when they were got within two or three ſteps of *Hattiges* Apartment, and had no more to do but draw the Curtain, the King ſeem'd as if he knew not

whither he was to go, nor what he had to do: His Guide jealous of his honour, and eager to make him an Eye-witneſs of his ſhame, was forc'd to puſh him on, and mind him there was no time to be loſt, if he would find them ſo together as was neceſſary for a clear Conviction, and if he ſtaid any longer, the whole *Serrallio* would know they were in: The King heard him not, or made as if he had not: He was buſying himſelf with needleſs precautions of ſhutting up Doors, which (beſides that there was no need to have them ſhut) made a great noiſe if they were ſtirr'd, of placing Guards in needleſs places, and calling for help, that they within might hear him. In a word, to mad the *Aga* (who ſpent his breath in telling him he muſt not ſtay, but go directly

to

to *Hattige*) for one ſtep he advanc'd he went back two: At laſt he order'd the matter ſo that the Gallant was aware of his coming, and had time to eſcape, ſo that when the King was come to the Lady's Chamber, the Bird was flown, and no other ſign of her guilt, but a little more than ordinary finery, and a dreſs very different from what the King left her in, which would have paſt for good proof with a Lover leſs blind than he: *Hattige* had the dexterity to invent ſeveral pretences to take off the ſuſpicion of any deſign; and to be beforehand with the Monarch, ſhe told him, he had pleas'd her ſo well that Evening, that, to charm him on the Morrow more than ever ſhe had done, ſhe had try'd on ſome new Dreſſes, and he was come moſt luckily to tell her how he lik'd

lik'd them. Yet ſhe muſt confeſs her ſelf a little ſurpriz'd at his ſudden return, and extraordinary Viſit; and that either his paſſion for her was increas'd that Evening, or that he had ſome particular reaſons for it, which ſhe could not gueſs, but might deſtroy all the pleaſure ſhe took in ſeeing him the ſecond time: The King perplext at what he ſaw, anſwer'd her very coldly, as if he had not been ſatisfi'd with her excuſe, and let her know by his looks he had ſome ſuſpicion of the Bravery he found her in, yet he durſt not condemn her, as wanting ſufficient reaſon for it. *Oſman*, who ſtaid in the next Room, and had, by his Maſters fault, loſt ſo excellent an occaſion, was ready to eat his Fingers for madneſs, raving and exclaiming againſt the weakneſs of his Patron, and calling

calling him all the names his anger could ſuggeſt.

The good Prince who had too much good nature to be proof againſt the obliging kindneſs and flatteries of his Miſtreſs, was not only quickly perſwaded to believe all ſhe ſaid, but (which is moſt incredible) he had the goodneſs to tell her the reaſon of his Viſit, and all that the *Aga* had acquainted him with: Then it was it rain'd torrents of Tears, then was her Hair pull'd by handfuls, her Head-gear and Clothes tore all to pieces, and a thouſand other actions of deſpair ſo extraordinary, that the King to appeaſe her, was forc'd to ask her pardon: *Oſman* knew nothing of all this when his Maſter entred the Chamber *Oſman* was in, and with tears in his Eyes pray'd him, if he lov'd him, to go make the innocent

innocent *Hattige* ſome reparation of honour: This put *Oſman* into ſuch indignation he almoſt loſt his reſpect to his Maſter, who continuing obſtinate to have him make a ſubmiſſion ſo unjuſt and unbecoming a man of his Quality, *Oſman* took out the four Billets which he had of purpoſe brought with him, to juſtifie what he had ſaid, if there ſhould be occaſion, and ſhewed them the King, askinghim if he knew the Character of thoſe *Hattige* had written. Then he pray'd the King to give him leave to retire, which he granted him, more for ſhame he knew not what to ſay to him, than for any other reaſon he had to get rid of him: What an aſtoniſhment was the poor Monarch in at ſight of the Billets? It was not in his power to come to himſelf, he walk'd

walk'd all alone about the Room with his head to the ground, (preſs'd down, you may believe, with the new weight it bore) and his heart full of extraordinary conflicts and violent emotions.

My Miſtreſs, ſurpriz'd the King ſtay'd ſo long, was afraid the *Aga* might ſpoil all, and mar what her tears had ſo well mended, and would go her ſelf to ſee what the matter was: ſhe found him muſing as a man in a maze, and going up to him, and embracing him, in that fond and obliging manner, wherewith ſhe charm'd him when ſhe pleas'd, what troubles you now, Sir, ſays ſhe, that you uſe me ſo cruelly? Any new trick of the *Aga*'s? Will he never have done contriving of miſchief? Ah Heavens! How unfortunate am I (adds ſhe, wetting his Face with the Tears

that

that fell from her Eyes) to ſee you ſo eaſie to believe thoſe horrible Calumnies that Villain invents of me? With that ſhe fell as half dead into his Arms, which ſo ſoftned the heart of the kind Monarch, he could no longer reſiſt ſuch Charms, but embracing her with unparallel'd tenderneſs and ſorrow, carry'd her in his Arms and laid her on the Bed, praying her with Tears in his Eyes, to come to her ſelf again, otherwiſe ſhe muſt expect to have him die with her.

This exceſs of tenderneſs was too little to comfort the afflicted Fair One: She would know further what the Traytor (ſo ſhe call'd the *Aga*) had told him of new, and proteſted ſhe would not ceaſe crying till he had told her all, and ſhe had juſtifi'd her ſelf from all his Calumnies: The

good

good King was very loth to let her ſee the Billets, fearing without doubt, it would be hard for her to juſtifie her ſelf againſt them, but the deſire he had to find her innocent made him give 'em her, telling her, he was well aſſur'd, 'twas a new Impoſture, and that he very well knew, 'twas an uſual thing to counterfeit hands: She took the Billets and began to read them, but with terrible acclamations, Heaven! ſays ſhe, Can Man be ſo malicious? Well Sir, adds ſhe, what arts and what induſtry are made uſe of to ruin me, and deſtroy me in your opinion? And you will make nothing of it, but paſs it by and take no care to revenge me? Aſſure your ſelf, I will without more ado cauſe to morrow morning a *Marabout* to be made, where I'le bury my ſelf alive,

alive, unleſs you do me reaſon and clear my reputation from ſo criminal an imputation which reflects no leſs on you than on me; you have a heart of ſtone towards a poor Woman, who hath quitted all for love of you, and made her ſelf a Sacrifice to your Paſſion, and in the mean time permit your ſelf to be abus'd by a Favourit, a Villain whoſe ſpirit and ambition you know, and he can prevail with you, not only to do what ever he pleaſes, but to believe the ſtrangeſt and moſt impoſſible things in the world.

What a ſhower of Tears fell with theſe words? She had a ſtore-houſe of them, and could command them thence in what quantity ſhe pleas'd: The King did all he could to quiet her: he promis'd to vindicate her, and let her ſee very ſuddenly, he was not

for

for *Osman*: Strange weakneſs! But Kings in Love are Men, and not Gods.

On the morrow the *Aga* was with the King at his riſing, but received in a lamentable manner; He complained of him, and reproach'd him (you ſee with what grounds) and at laſt baniſht him, forbidding him his preſence till he ſhould be ſent for. *Osman* obey'd without reply. He might have made more ſtir by producing the *Moor*, but after uſage ſo hard and unjuſt, he would not be at the pains, but choſe rather to be thought to be in fault, and at diſtance from a Maſter ſo eaſie to be ſeduc'd by the flatteries of a Woman, than to juſtifie himſelf for undeceiving him.

Many were amaz'd at the Favourites fall, ſome rejoyc'd at it, eſpecially my Miſtreſs, who having

ving now near the King no Enemy but what ſhe ſlighted, allowed her ſelf to take her full ſwinge in her Amours, relying on the blindneſs of the good Prince, whom ſhe thought ſhe had laid too ſoundly aſleep to fear his waking a good while. Her trouble was to diſcover how the *Aga* came by the Billets: there was no colour of reaſon to ſuſpect *Rajep*, who was not only too honeſt to be capable of ſuch treachery, but oblig'd by joynt intereſt not to accuſe her: The Eunuch who had been the Mercury of the Intrigue was the moſt ſuſpicious. She ſent in ſearch of him, but *Zara* could have no news of him, and ſo the Treaſon came out: *Hattige* fail'd not to charge the Miſtreſs of her Intrigues, to make better choice of thoſe ſhe imploy'd, and whom ſhe truſted as Meſſengers

in matters of that importance.

The King was too Amorous not to be ſubject to jealouſie. He could not put out of his head thoſe Billets written in a Character ſo exactly like *Hattiges*, though he knew Folks have the art of counterfeiting hands: And taking time at his leiſure to examine in private, and weigh with himſelf all the circumſtances of that evenings adventure, it made him for a while very unquiet and full of vexation. At laſt he reſolv'd for his ſatisfaction and eaſe to obſerve in perſon, the conduct of his Miſtreſs, to rid himſelf at once of the ſuſpicions that tormented him, or the paſſion he had for her if guilty; he bethought himſelf of a Stratagem for the purpoſe, which hit very luckily.

He had the priviledge to enter the *Serrallio* when he pleas'd, through

through doors made of purpoſe, the Keys whereof were in his cuſtody: The day he intended to put his deſign in execution, he ſpent almoſt all in *Hattiges* Lodgings, paying her all the Amorous devoirs he us'd to do, with more than ordinary Gaiety and tenderneſs, inſomuch that ſhe thought him better ſatisfied than ever of her fidelity to him: Beſides he ſtaid of purpoſe much later than ordinary, though to the good Lady's very great trouble, it being a day of Aſſignation for *Rajep*, who with the impatience of a fortunate Lover waited *Zara*'s coming: But when a perſon who is jealous knows how to diſſemble, he deceives the moſt miſtruſtful.

The King from *Hattiges* Lodgings went into his own, to dreſs himſelf like a *Bedowin* (ſo they call the Mooriſh Women of the Mountains,

Mountains, of whom there are commonly great numbers in the *Serrallio*) his face he cover'd with a black Vail, and his body a white Blanket, and put on a pair of Linen Drawers, and black Stockings, which is all the equipage of that ſort of Women, when they are in the Towns, for in the Country they go as God made them. The King in his new dreſs ſlipt ſoftly and alone into the *Serrail*, and poſted himſelf before the door of his Miſtreſſes Apartment, where, to avoid ſuſpicion, he laid him down on a Bench, as the *Bedowines* uſe to do.

It was a Gallery, you muſt of neceſſity paſs through, whether you went in or out of my Miſtreſſes Lodgings: At one end of it was a Lanthorn, which had a Light in it all Night, but the King being at the other end of the Gallery, it was

was almoſt dark there. He had not long been on the Watch but he diſcover'd the Enemy, though he had no great mind to ask, Who goes there: He never bid them ſtand, but let them come on undiſturb'd, that he might have them where he deſir'd. 'Twas ev'n *Zara* leading another *Bedowine* by the hand, whom the King prepoſſeſt with ſuſpicion, preſently believ'd ſuch another woman as himſelf. And to ſpeak the truth, the *Bedowin*'s ſtature and gate confirm'd his conjecture: *Zara* went up to the door, never minding the Centinel, and turning towards her *Bedowin*, bid him have a moments patience, and ſhe would go to her Miſtreſs for Orders for his Entrance: The King had time then to take a full view of the *Bedowine*: who turning about toward

ward that ſide where the King lay, perceiv'd there was ſomething in humane ſhape on the Bench, and being now in an Enemies Country, the *Bedowin* thought ſhe could not be too cautious, and for fear of leaving behind her ſomething that might hinder her retreat, thought good to make up to what ſhe ſaw, and examine nearer at hand what it was: Fortune, being commonly favourable to thoſe Love expoſes, order'd it ſo, that a corner of the Blanket the King had wrap himſelf in being untyed, the curious *Bedowin* diſcover'd part of a Sword, which being Enamell'd with Vermillion, in that little light there was, gave the *Bedowin* enough to know 'twas time to look about her, and not ſafe to be there. Accordingly ſhe went ſoftly to the other end of the Gallery, and ſo

down the Stairs, and away out of Doors, which ſhe was very glad of, having ſcap'd a ſcowring, being fully perſwaded the Sword ſhe had ſeen threatned her Life.

The King who thought he had not given his fellow *Bedowin* the leaſt ſuſpition, could not fancy her marching back was to run quite away. He got up to ſee what was become of her: *Zara*, arriving, took him for the *Bedowin* ſhe had left at the door, and whiſper'd him in the Ear, he might enter, and be kindly receiv'd. The King, glad of the miſtake, followed his guide, leading him by the hand, a way he knew better than any one alive. He was no ſooner got into *Hattiges* Chamber, but ſhe took him about the neck, hugging him in her arms with the tranſports of a womon Amorous as ſhe. *Dear*

Rajep,

Rajep, ſays ſhe, *how glad am I to ſee thee, having ſpent all this day with a King, whoſe Careſſes are torments to me: thou muſt make me amends by a thouſand tranſports of Love:* This was an excellent beginning for the Monarchs entertainment, who took all patiently, not ſtirring from under his diſguiſe: The Lady more haſty then he, to make good uſe of thoſe pleaſant moments the preſence of a Lover, belov'd as he was, ſhould produce, could not endure that ſo little delay: Her longings, more prevalent than her modeſty, put her into a fit of charming wrath againſt the coldneſs of her inſenſible Lover: ſhe made him a thouſand reproaches, and would have tore off with her own hands his Vail and his Blankets, and the reſt of his fine dreſs: *what*, Rajep, *ſays ſhe with*

an amorous indignation, do you expect that I ſhould unmask you? Have you no more deſire to ſee and embrace me? Is the time you purchaſe, with the peril of your life and mine, of ſo little value, that you can afford to loſe ſo many precious moments? No ſooner had ſhe ſaid this, but down dropt the diſguiſe: *Zara,* who had helpt her Miſtreſs to undreſs the falſe *Bedowyn*, firſt diſcover'd the miſtake, and ran away with a ſhriek that frighted her Miſtreſs, who was never ſo ſurpriz'd as to ſee 'twas the King: *Hattige* very luckily ſwouned away for fear, for 'tis very probable the injur'd Monarch would otherwiſe in the beginning of his fury, have been tranſported into ſome act of violence againſt her, which might have miſ-become him. But ſeeing a woman almoſt dead at his feet

feet (though ſhe did but counterfeit) his fury vaniſh'd, to give place to his pity, which ſeiz'd him with that tenderneſs, that made him ſenſible, falſe and ingrateful as ſhe was, he could not forbear loving her ſtill. He call'd to the Slaves of the Apartment, and order'd her to be laid on a Bed, where it would have pleas'd him to reproach her with her falſhood, but finding his reſentment too weak for his good nature, melting at ſight of an object ſo amiable, though falſe, he retir'd.

The next day *Oſman* was call'd to Court, where he had from the King a very favourable Reception, to make him amends for his former hard uſage. He told him, he was but too much convinc'd of the ill conduct of *Hattige*, againſt whom he let fall

the moſt opprobrious language imaginable; proteſting he would for the future uſe her as the baſeſt of Women: The *Aga* being a dextrous Courtier, and not unacquainted with Lovers Relapſes, knowing where lay the weakneſs of his Prince, ſaid not a word for or againſt her, only pray'd him to believe he had not in his Kingdom, a Servant more faithful, and jealous of his Maſters glory than him. But that he was afraid if his Majeſty ſaw that Woman again, things would return to their former courſe: The King bluſh'd at theſe words, as reproaching him with his frailty. Yet he ſwore a thouſand Oaths, it ſhould never be ſo again, which his heart miſ-gave him he would not keep, as it afterwards happned.

As for *Rajep*, Order was given to

to apprehend him. *Mebaren*, the Maſter Gardiner, having no Heir but that dear Nephew of his, when he had the news of what had paſt in the *Serrallio*, and the Order againſt *Rajep*, threw himſelf at the Kings feet, but was preſently rejected. Yet his friends at Court appeas'd the King in ſome meaſure, and prevail'd with him to change the ſentence of Death, paſt againſt *Rajep*, into that of Baniſhment during Life.

My Miſtreſs the firſt, the ſecond, and third day of her diſgrace, ſaw not the King: This was a long time for the amorous Prince, who us'd to be ſcarce an hour away from her: Acquaintances of that nature are not loſt without a great deal of pain. She had Friends ſhe imploy'd, who every moment acquainted the King with the lamentable con-

dition her repentance had brought her to, being ſo pin'd away ſhe was not likely to live an hour: The fourth day the Propheſie of *Oſman* was fulfill'd. The King ſoftned with the ſad news, melting into tenderneſs, ſigh'd, ſtaggerd, and at laſt, following his inclination, went to give her one Viſit more, under pretence of taking his revenge of her, being aſham'd, without doubt, of ſo unbecoming a Relapſe, after the noiſe he had made of the falſneſs of that woman; To excuſe himſelf, he ſaid he would go to her only, to take from her thoſe Jewels he had given her, who deſerv'd not to wear any thing belonging to him. The *Aga*, who knew his Maſter well, and of what conſequence that Viſit might be, would have diverted him dextrouſly, by taking the Ladies part. And

And telling him, It did not become a generous Prince, as he was, to repent of his liberality, eſpecially to Women. But if he deſign'd only to frighten her, (which he doubted not was all he intended) it would ſuffice, as he conceiv'd, to ſend any one to her from his Majeſty, without doing her the honour of a perſonal Viſit. The counſel was good, but unſeaſonable for a Lover, who was going in ſearch of what the other would have diverted him from. The King anſwered, he knew what he did, and that in ſome affairs he lov'd to follow his humour without any advice. The *Aga* by this judg'd all was loſt, and that the King would be engag'd deeper than ever: He ſhrug'd and retir'd, unwilling to be witneſs of an action, which would be charg'd halt upon him,

if preſent. The King was not diſpleas'd at his retyring, and perhaps things would have gone otherwiſe than they did, had the *Aga* been there. The King came to *Hattiges* Apartment, where preſently, without ſtaying to give her notice of his coming, or calling for the Keys of the Cloſet where the Jewels were, he caus'd the door to be broke open, entred it, and finding the box (they were in) open, he fell to viewing them over, and taking particular notice of them, as it were to give time to his perfidious Miſtreſs to come and appeaſe him. She fell down at his Feet, with her Hair about her Ears, and embrac'd his Knees with that irreſiſtable tenderneſs, he took her up and led her into the Cloſet: what reconciliation was made there, I know not, but certain it is, the

King

King left the Jewels behind him, and returning two hours after, made her new Presents.

This agreement by degrees gathered such strength, that the Amorous Prince visited her oftner than ever, and seem'd to have forgotten, not only what he had said of *Hattige*, but all that had past, which for a Lover of his Character was of consequence enough, never to be forgotten. It was talk'd of abroad, but not much to his advantage. Only the *Aga* said not a word of it. Being politique, he knew there was no remedy, and that it was an incurable infirmity in his Prince, whose Ascendant was Love: so that the *Aga* held it imprudent in him to ruin his fortune to serve his Prince against his will, and was confident *Hattige* was a Woman of that humor

she

ſhe would deſtroy her ſelf at laſt.

Rajep being baniſh'd, and *Hattige* more addicted to Gallantry than ever, (the King having caus'd her only to change her Gallant, and add to her former, the pleaſure of variety) *Zara*, who through his means, was again taken into her favour, was imploy'd a new to find out one with whom ſhe might break thoſe Oaths of Fidelity ſhe had newly made to the King. *Hattige* did no longer mince the matter to this Slave, ſo well acquainted with her concerns. And the good Matron, who knew her Miſtreſs deſir'd a Gallant, as well out of the Infirmity of her Nature, and weakneſs of temper, as to pleaſe her Inclination. Reſolv'd to find her out one, with whom ſhe alſo might do her buſineſs. The King on the other

ſide

ſide, who after he was convinc'd of the falſeneſs of *Hattige*, began to love her leſs; was very deſirous of a new Miſtreſs, and fell in love with *Roukia*, as *Hattige* had foretold: It was an inclination he was ſtrangely ſurpriz'd into, and perhaps in a manner not to be parallell'd.

Women, beſides the natural beauty of the Face, which chiefly gains them Admirers, have a thouſand other ways to engage Men to love them; for their Voice, their Wit, their Humour, their Shape, their good Meen, and other Qualities, capable to produce great effects in the Hearts of their Lovers; but I ſcarce dare tell you how Love brought the King enamour'd of *Roukia*, who being one of the handſomeſt Women of the Kingdome, charm'd him by that part,

of

of which ſhe took the leſs care, becauſe ſhe would have been aſham'd to ſhew it him, and would not have expos'd it to the Light, but for neceſſity, and without dreaming it could be the cauſe of ſo lucky an effect. *Excuſe me, Sir, ſays* Razi, *laughing, if I enlarge no further on this Subject. You may gueſs by what I have ſaid, few Fiſh are taught with that Bait.*

One evening, about Sun-ſet, the King from the Terraſſe of the Garden of the *Serrallio*, looking through the Trees, had a ſight of *Roukia* in that pleaſant poſture: The Sun who ſeem'd to ſtay to guild with his Rayes, an Object ſo charming to that Prince, never ſaw any thing whiter, or better ſhap'd. 'Twas in truth a Maſterpiece of the kind, and (notwithſtanding the unpleaſing function it was about) inflam'd the heart of

of the Royal Spectator, who did all he could to ſee a little more, but Love would not permit it, being reſolv'd the part he had firſt ſeen ſhould have all the glory of that Conqueſt: The morrow a Courier (for Gallantry) was diſpatch'd with a Billet to *Roukia*, to this effect.

I Love you, Madam, and love you with a Paſſion no leſs tender than new: I will not tell you how you have wounded me, but it was no leſs than an innocent Treaſon. I had heard ſay, you were dangerous to ſee, but not of that ſide I ſaw you: Others run away from the ſight of that wherewith I am taken, and it was my fate to feel the power of your Charms, by that which is commonly leaſt charming: However I am more in love than any man living, and what will become

come of me when I ſee you as I ought? I cannot tell: I have reaſon to fear an entire defeat: I dye with impatience to expoſe my ſelf to your moſt powerful Charms: I am preparing for you, that Triumph, this Evening: Let me not languiſh, otherwiſe you will be the death of your King, whom you have already too cruelly wounded, not to pity him a little: The Moor *who brings you this Billet, will tell you what is to be done. Adieu.*

Thus it is our Kings declare their Love: they never ſigh in vain. They need but ſay, *I love you*, aud *I will*, and the buſineſs is done. Our Women think it their duty to obey them in matters of Love, as our Men in affairs of State. *Roukia*, inclinable as the reſt of our Countrey-Women, in things of that nature, was

was ſo charm'd with the honour of being written to by the King, that, without examining circumſtances, ſhe preſently return'd him this favourable anſwer.

SIr, you are no leſs Maſter of our Hearts, than our Lives: You ſhall never find me other, than full of reſpect and obedience towards you: Your will is a Law: And nothing ſhall be too hard for Me, when you command it to be done: The direction I have from the Moor *ſhall be obſerv'd; you muſt only take care to imploy* Meharen *about buſineſs: all things elſe will aſſuredly be favourable. And if you love me as much as you ſay, you will ſave me part of thoſe pains, that attend the impatience of one in Love, when forc'd to wait long.*

The

The King receiv'd this Letter with the joy of a Lover, who was to be happy that day, which ſeem'd long to him, who was to ſtay till night, before he could go to the place of Rendezvous. He was ſo wholly taken up with his new paſſion, and the pleaſures he promis'd himſelf from it, that he never thought of ſeeing *Hattige*, which he ſeldom fail'd to do. A Commiſſion was preſently made ready to ſend *Mebaren* out of Town. Night being come, the King went, alone & without noiſe into the Garden of the *Serrallio*, where the Comedy was to be acted by him and *Roukia*, who at the hour appointed came in by a Ladder he had caus'd to be brought for the purpoſe.

This enterview was charming on either ſide: The night was not ſo dark, but the King could diſcern

diſcern *Roukia*'s excellent ſhape, and judging the features of her Face to be anſwerable, he made no doubt but ſhe was beautiful as ſhe was reported: but what charm'd him moſt was her admirable Wit, which ſhe ſhew'd on all occaſions, to make him amends for what the night hid from his eyes: the King was tranſported at it. And to tell you the truth, they ſpent not much time in Complement, but were quickly familiar, as if they had been acquainted many years: 'Tis a priviledge Kings have, to make more way in a day than others in a month.

Roukia, no leſs proud of the honour the King did her, and the dignity likely to attend it, than ſhe was of his love, did her utmoſt endeavour to deſerve it, and with admirable ſucceſs; for ſhe gain'd

gain'd his eſteem no leſs than his affection. She ſaid a thouſand pretty things, which he was raviſht at, and made him (very obligingly for her) blame Love for having been ſo ſlow in bringing him acquainted with her, who deſerv'd beſt of any his affection and his care: They were got into a *Grotto*, convenient enough for an entertainment, almoſt like that of *Æneas* and *Dido*, and were there for ſome time without interruption. I will not diſturb them, (continues *Razy*, ſmiling) to give you an account what paſt there between them. You have been in Love, I believe, and may gueſs what diſcourſe they had. The King it ſeems was well pleas'd with it, for he reſolv'd to paſs the reſt of the night there.

The Summer is the beſt ſeaſon for

for Rancounters of Love: but this being a Gallant us'd to ſucceſs, afforded leſs matter of diſcourſe than one, who had been leſs fortunate would have done, and at length he fell aſleep with his Fair one. Love who had more buſineſs to do in the ſame Garden, allow'd him but a ſhort time to reſt. *Roubia*, hearing a noiſe, awak'd him to tell him of it. At firſt he could hardly believe it, the place being inacceſſible to any, but himſelf, and *Moharen* as Maſter Gardiner, whom he had ſent abroad, and therefore had no apprehenſion of: He hearken'd more attentively, and could hear ones voice, and afterwards his ſteps: Before he would proceed farther, he was willing to know who were ſo raſh to enter that place, which it was Death to do by day, without his permiſſion, he

he was ſcarce got up, but he ſees them approach to come into the *Grotto*: It was a ſpacious place, made of purpoſe for a Cooling Room in the heats of Summer, and had in it ſeveral *Beds* of Turf, very prettily made with Pots of Jeſſamin Flowers, and other Sweets, all about. In a word, it was a place pickt out for the Kings pleaſure. It appear'd by the manner of the new comers entry they were no ſtrangers to the place. They choſe a Quarter not far from the Kings. *But* it was ſo dark it was impoſſible to ſee one another: He let them ſeat themſelves at their eaſe, and had obſerv'd they were two, but could not diſcern whether men or women. One of them, whoſe voice the King preſently knew, ſays immediately to the other, *'Tis the fineſt place in the world*

to

to laugh at the Jealous, and to be quit with them. He hath ſometimes brought me hither, where I have been forc'd to ſpend with him many a tedious quarter of an hour. This was *Hattige*: the King was extremely ſurpriz'd, not knowing how ſhe ſhould poſſibly have come into the Garden, but he was the more ſurpriz'd, and *Roukia* alſo, at the anſwer of the other, whom both knew to be *Meharen*: *I confeſs, Madam, ſays he, he deſerves not to poſſeſs alone the affections of a Lady, beautiful as you are, but he is my Maſter. And nothing but a paſſion, great as that I have for you, could have prevail'd with me to be falſe to him, as I am. Nothing but the extremity of your beauty, whoſe charms are irreſiſtable, could excuſe ſuch a Crime. But let a man value himſelf never ſo much*

on his honeſty and integrity, yet a paſſion rais'd in him by a perſon ſo amiable as you, will be proof againſt all batteries of Duty, and eaſily maſter it: 'Tis but in jeſt, *Meharen*, ſays *Hattige*, that you raiſe theſe ſcruples: I am falſe, as you are, but that's nothing with me: 'Tis a fine thing to be falſe, if you know how to do it handſomely: I have a heart will be its own Maſter, and love one to day and another to morrow. What would become of Men and Women, if, when they engage in kindneſs with one, they muſt abſolutely ſell themſelves, and not be allowed to change when they grow weary, or have a greater inclination for another: 'Tis a natural right to beſtow our affection where we pleaſe, and when we pleaſe to revoke the gift: and wretched are they who enjoy not that Liberty:

berty: Our Sentiments are ſubject to change as other things, and Love as well as Nature is not charming, but in variety: For example, *Meharen*, to day I am for you, but three or four days hence I will not undertake but I may be for another. And it would be injuſtice, in you, to expect I ſhould be truer to you than I am to the King. *True, Madam, replies* Meharen, ſmiling, *I have no reaſon to blame in you that amiable inconſtancy, to which I owe my happineſs: But would you ſay as much to the King, Madam?* You may believe, ſays ſhe, I glory not in theſe Maximes before him, not for fear he ſhould follow them, but to avoid giving him cauſe to have an ill opinion of me: were he of my humour, I think I ſhould love him the better, and perhaps I hate him for

nothing elſe, but that he loves me too conſtantly. I have endeavour'd handſomly, to engage him to be falſe to me, inſomuch that I told him one day, I dream'd I had ſeen him in your Wife *Roukia*'s arms, whom I knew to be a handſome woman, and hop'd he might have a mind to her, or the curioſity at leaſt to ſee her, but my Addreſſe was loſt upon a man obſtinately faithful, and produc'd no other fruit, but nauſeous aſſurances of his truth and tenderneſs for me: *You did not much oblige me in that particular, Madam,* ſays Meharen, *and when you have occaſion again to dream, to be rid of one troubleſome to you, let me intreat you it may not be at your Friends coſt.* How, replies *Hattige*, would you take it ill the King ſhould do as much for you, as you do for him? *Yes without doubt,*

doubt, ſays Meharen, *for I do it not for that purpoſe, that he ſhould do as much for me.* Well, anſwers *Hattige*, if he do not, another will. *I fear not that, replies* Meharen, *I know my wife very well, and am perſwaded ſhe is Fool enough to dye, rather than do me ſuch an injury, though the King ſhould tempt her. She quarrels with me every day, for but letting the Slaves come into her Chamber; and I dare engage once more, ſhe would rather dye than appear to another man, though the beſt of my Friends.*

This pleaſant Dialogue had very different Effects on the two Auditors, who were ready ſometimes to laugh, and ſometimes to be angry: The King all the while had *Roukia* in his Arms, and ſqueez'd her Hand when they ſpoke of her: She did as

much to him upon the like occaſion. True it is, he had ſmall kindneſs for *Hattige* after he had found her falſe, and leſs a great deal after he fell in love with *Roukia*. But it cannot but vex one to ſee a Miſtreſs (though forſaken) in the Arms of another, eſpecially of one inferiour to himſelf: Setting aſide the Crown, yet *Meharen* was not comparable to the King for vigour or good meen: He was not very old, yet not ſo young as the King, and a hundred times harder favour'd.

Pleaſant as the King was, at dumb Raillery, with *Roukia*, and preſſing her hand, yet he was mad to hear what was ſpoken; and any one, but *Meharen* (of whom he took very pleaſant revenge) ſhould have felt terrible effects of his anger. *Roukia*, but for *Hattige*, had born her part of the

the ſorrow: but finding by her, her buſineſs with the King went on the better, and that ſhe had paid her Husband in his own Coyn, ſhe thought ſhe had all the reaſon in the world to rejoyce.

But this new pair of Lovers had their deſign, and were not come into the *Grotto* only to talk: the Scene was going to alter. But the King was ſo little complaiſant, that he had not the patience to ſee the beſt Act of the Play; but riſing up with a great noiſe, *Meharen*, ſays he, with a voice would have made the moſt Confident quake, *Is it thus you ſerve me? Is this your Execution of the Orders I gave you?* 'Tis hard to repreſent the aſtoniſhment, the fear and confuſion of our Shepherd and Shepherdeſs, when they heard the King. *Meharen* fell at his feet, with his Face to

the ground, and not able for ſome time to ſay a word. *And you, falſe one,* ſays the King to *Hattige, you Baggage without Honour or Truth, is this your requital of the Obligations I put upon you, in making you what you are?*

There was harſher Language in the caſe, but I will not trouble you with it: I muſt draw to an end: The Maſter Gardiner being a little recover'd of his fright, though labouring ſtill under the apprehenſions of Death, did all he could, (not to excuſe himſelf, there being no colour for it, but) to take all the fault on himſelf, and make *Hattige* appear leſs faulty, whom he would needs endeavour to ſave, by offering his Life as a Sacrifice for her. The King ſaid he would accept of it, provided a Perſon he had with him would be content, and with that

that he made *Roukia* draw near, who had not yet appear'd on the Stage.

Meharen was one of those Husbands, who though they love their Wives well, cannot forbear hunting other Mens Game. He had been in love with *Hattige* when she was at the Janizaries. And the choice the King had made of her for his Mistress, had but increas'd *Meharen*'s passion: So that he had several times apply'd himself to *Zara*, whom he knew to be a Mistress of that Trade, and found faithful on other occasions: The liberty he had to enter at pleasure the Garden of the *Serrallio*, contributed much to the good fortunes *Zara* procur'd him. But as for *Hattige*, she thought her then so inaccessible, she had almost diss waded him from any thoughts of

her, till the diſgrace of his Nephew, which, inſtead of frighting *Zara*, encourag'd her to make a tryal of what he deſir'd her; who no ſooner had the opportunity of ſpeaking to *Hattige*, but the bargain was made. Little did *Meharen* think it muſt have coſt him his Wife, and his conſternation was yet greater, when he heard her voice, than when he heard the Kings: He knew not what to do or ſay, he ſaw himſelf paid in his own Coin, and without cauſe of complaint: He puffed out his rage in great ſighs. The King triumph'd, and to encreaſe *Meharen*'s deſpair, and the pleaſure he took to overwhelm him with Grief and Confuſion, he commanded him to acquaint him with the particulars of his Intrigue with *Hattige*, how he came acquainted with her,

and

and how he got her out of the *Serrallio*. Our unfortunate Adventurer was forc'd to obey him, and gave him an account of the paſſion he had had for her many years, and was renew'd after his Nephews Adventure, which let him ſee *Hattige* was not inſenſible: That *Zara* had been his Confident, and that very day appointed for their interview, like a man who leaves all for Love, he had not power to execute his orders: As to her coming out of the *Serrallio*, it was through a Window of her Apartment towards the Garden, and that ſhe was let down in a great Wicker-Basket: The King had the curioſity to go ſee the *Machine*, and found it in a poſture to help up the fair Lady, who had deſerted it. But it was his pleaſure *Roukia* ſhould go up in her room, and

that her worthy Spouſe ſhould weigh her up inſtead of *Hattige*, whom the King gave him in exchange, though not to his ſatisfaction. However it was the Kings favour to him. It was his Majeſties goodneſs to do it: And I know not how he could have us'd him better.

Thus got *Roukia* into poſſeſſion, not only, of the Kings kindneſs and care, but of *Hattige*'s Apartment, and all that belong'd to her, who had not remov'd or taken with her any of her moſt Precious things: yet *Hattige* was ſo far from being troubled at it, that ſhe lov'd her pleaſure and liberty ſo well, ſhe would have given more than ever ſhe was Owner of, to be out of the *Serrallio*. But *Meharen*, grown wiſer, by *Roukia*'s example, kept *Hattige* as cloſe, as if ſhe had continued in the

the *Serrallio*; this quickly produc'd diſputes and quarrels betwixt them, till at laſt they grew weary one of another. *Hattige* to be rid of him pretended a Revelation from Heaven, which the *Turks* are very ſubject to, and told him ſhe was requir'd to make a Voyage to *Mecha*, otherwiſe her Sins would never be pardon'd. The cauſe was ſpecious enough to oblige *Meharen* to give her her Paſport, though he had not (as he had) a mind to be rid of her. He gave his conſent to the Pilgrimage, and ſent her to *Tunis*, recommending her to *Mahomet Baſcabey*, his intimate Friend, and praying him to furniſh the fair Pilgrim with a Veſſel to carry her to *Alexandria*.

This, Sir, ſays *Razie*, is the Story of my Miſtreſs, you ſee I have not ſpar'd her, that I might give you

you a true account of all her Adventures, which none knows better than I, who have been with her ever ſince ſhe was taken into the *Serrallio*, but never approv'd her Conduct, therefore ſhe endeavour'd ſtill to hide it from me, yet I knew all ſhe did. Certain it is, had her Soul been beautiful as her Body, there had been nothing more perfect under Heaven: She would charm you, Sir, did you ſee her, and 'tis pity a man as the Captain of the other Veſſel ſhould have her in his hands. She would be far better in yours: The Knight anſwer'd, he had a deſire to ſerve her Miſtreſs, but not to make an advantage of her. That he had been in ſearch of her on no other dedeſign: And if it were poſſible he would at the firſt opportunity ſet her at liberty, and all thoſe.

of

of his Veſſel. But it muſt be kept ſecret, leſt if his Friend any way ſuſpected it, he might put a ſtop to their good Fortune. *Razie* amaz'd at ſo great generoſity in a Knight of *Malta*, who ordinarily uſe not too well thoſe of her Nation, knew not what to think of it, but took it for a Miracle. She thank'd the Knight for the favour he gave her hopes of, and was carry'd back to her Veſſel, laden with Proviſions, which the other Women were the more ſurpriz'd at, having been ill us'd by the other Captain, whom they thought no more inhumane than this.

That night the Knight did but think of the Adventures of the Lady, and as bad as ſhe had been repreſented, yet being young, he could not chuſe but have a mind to ſee her, but he was afraid, the

ſight

ſight might coſt him dear, ſince he found by hearing the Story of her, he had more than an indifferent inclination for her. Few Knights of *Malta*, of his age, would have been ſo ſcrupulous: Curioſity, if not Love, would have prevail'd over all other conſiderations. But this (who was honeſty and generoſity it ſelf) made it his buſineſs to ſerve the Lady, without the leaſt hope of recompence. Yet he lov'd to do things civilly, and was willing before he went any further, to ſpeak once more to *Gourdan*, and was preparing to go ſee him, juſt as *Gourdan* came to him, a little more Gay than ordinary. *well, Sir,* ſays he, *how like you your Company? I hope you will excuſe me the eaſier for what Love made me do:* I can eaſily excuſe, *anſwers the Knight,* the love one has for a fair

Lady,

Lady, but cannot excuſe a man who uſes them ill, as you do: *I am more troubled at it*, ſays the Corſair, *than you think, who know not as I do, the Women of this Countrey: they are humourſome, and will never love a Man, but when they are forc'd to it by ill uſage*: That's a ſcurvy piece of Policy, *replies the Knight*, and becomes not a civil Perſon. Believe it, *adds he*, it would be more for your honour, to ſend her back into her Veſſel, than do her the leaſt violence. He ſpake theſe words in ſuch a manner, as made *Gourdan* redden, without anſwering a word. The Knight proceeded to ſay, I know you will not take my advice, but I would do my duty to mind you of it, and if you have any value for me, you will leave the poor Slave at liberty, at leaſt, to love or not love you:

you: for whatever you have to ſay of the Cuſtoms of the Women of this Countrey, you ſee the ways you have us'd to win her, have not yet taken, but ended quite contrary to your wiſhes. She is not an ordinary Woman, to be threatned, and ill us'd into compliance. And could you have your will of her, pray tell me what pleaſure could you have of her, but would reflect with diſadvantage on a man of that eſteem you are of in our Order.

This open'd *Gourdan*'s eyes, he imagin'd the Knight had been told of the Ladies Beauty, and was fallen in Love with her, which might be the reaſon he ſpoke in that manner, and hoped perhaps he would be ſuch a Sot to quit her to him: Theſe were *Gourdan*'s thoughts, who turning to the Knight, *All your Rhetorick, Sir,* ſays

ſays he ſmiling, *will not ſerve your turn, you are too young for me. And without making a fine Speech, as you have done, I will only tell you, I will keep my* Turk, *and let her love me, or not love me, ſhe ſhall not ſtir from Aboard me.* But, Captain *Gourdan, anſwers the Knight*, ſomewhat more coldly, is this *Turk* yours, that you can diſpoſe of her in this manner, and have you more right to her than I? I do not intend to take her from you; I have already told you my mind as to that --- *I know not*, replies *Gourdan*, haughtily, *what your thoughts or intentions are; but I will ſooner part with my Life, than that Woman; and ſhall take him for my Enemy, who ſhall but think to make me quit her.* The Knight little valuing the words of a man, whoſe jealouſie diſturb'd the little ſenſe he had,

hid, would fain have perſwaded him by fair means: What I demand, ſays he, is but reaſonable and juſt, and if you are my Friend, as you have often aſſur'd me, you will not deny my requeſt, or at leaſt, you will not force me to uſe the means to ſet this Woman at liberty. *You will find it a hard matter to do*, ſays *Gourdan* furiouſly, *and with more ſtrength than you are Maſter of*; and ſo went his way: This was high language enough, for a man as the Knight was, and aboard his own Veſſel, but being as moderate as the other was bruſiſh, he choſe rather to let him go, than offer him any affront.

This was the laſt Viſit they made one another; *Gourdan* was miſtruſtful of the Knight, and watch'd narrowly over his Prey:

Prey: but his Lieutenant gave the Knight an account of all, and offered him his Service: The Knight was ſo juſt, he deſir'd no other Service of him, but to deliver a Billet he would cauſe to be written to the fair Slave. The Lieutenant promis'd it. *Raſie* was ſent for, becauſe the Knight, though he underſtood and ſpake well the *Moors* Language, would not write it: when *Razie* was come ſhe wrote thus to her *Miſtreſs*.

MAdam, A Man Generous and Gallant, as he, whoſe Captive you are, is uncivil and brutiſh, is deſirous to reſtore you and us our Liberty: Make ready for the firſt wind that ſerves, and hang a Cord at your Window, that when the time comes, you may have notice.

The

The Billet was ſeal'd and carried privately to *Gourdan*'s Lieutenant, who preſently convey'd it to the fair Slave, by the Eunuch who was his Friend. The poor Lady was over-joy'd at the News, but had been ſo accuſtom'd to ill fortune, ſhe doubted very much to obtain a happineſs ſhe had ſo little reaſon to expect: That Villain of a Pyrat, (for ſo ſhe call'd *Gourdan*) had tormented her that day worſe than ever, and ſhe was reſolv'd, if he came again, to throw her ſelf into the Sea: The Billet brought her in a manner to life again, and ſhe never pray'd to *Mahomet* ſo heartily, as ſhe did then to the Wind, by which ſhe expected her liberty, what hands ſoever ſhe ſhould fall into, ſhe thought it would be a happineſs if ſhe could but eſcape the hands of that brutiſh

Captain.

Captain. One night, as ſhe leaſt thought of it, ſhe ſaw a man come in at her Window, which at firſt frighted her, but his countenance made her recover her ſelf. It was the Knight of *Malta*. *'Tis time, Madam,* ſays he, *to free you from your Chains: 'Tis the braveſt weather in the world to return to* Tunis, *make uſe of it, and allow me the pleaſure of doing this ſmall ſervice to a perſon who deſerves better to be ſerved by all the World, than ill us'd as ſhe has been.* I cannot tell whether *Hattige* was more taken with the Knights good News, or his good Qualities; but after ſome conſideration ſhe was ſo affected with him, to thank him, ſhe embrac'd him, and was not able to ſay a word: She was a-Bed, and as there is nothing ſo handſome a beautiful Woman a-Bed, he was ſo charm'd at the ſight

ſight of her, he was as much diſorder'd as ſhe, and knew not what he did. Having by her Actions expreſt all the acknowledgment poſſible, *I believe, Sir,* ſays ſhe, *Heaven hath ſent me the Succour you bring, but ſure I am, the world hath not a man ſo generous and ſo handſome as you.* The *Knight* had the gallantry to return her kindneſs for kindneſs, and helping to dreſs her, being in haſte, he inſtructed her what to ſay, and what courſe to ſteer, to avoid meeting with the *Corſair*: To end my Story, the fair *Turk* was not long a dreſſing. 'Twas not a time to be curious in it: She put on no more than was abſolutely neceſſary, and (had the *Knight* pleas'd would have got out of the Veſſel juſt as ſhe got out of *Bed*. The Seamen were ſtirring and fitting the

the Ropes to make for *Malta*, though the Wind was not altogether for them: The *Knight* help'd the fair *Turk* to get down at the ſame Window he got in at, into a *Canoe*, he had provided ready under the Poop, and preſently with the favour of the night they gain'd one of the Prizes, wherein he deſign'd to ſend her: He took out thence all the Chriſtians that guarded the Veſſel; and having taken leave of the Lady, who would have been longer glad of his company, he parted with a great deal of trouble to go to his own Ship, where he gave order, as *Gourdan* did in his, the Anchor ſhould be weigh'd, that they might Sail for *Malta*.

FINIS.